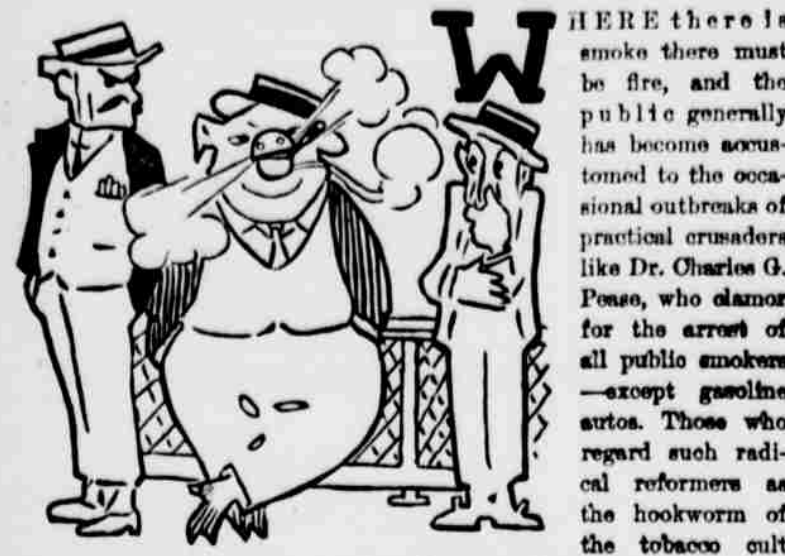


**The Evening World.**  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 59 Park Row, New York.  
A. ARONSON, Editor and Treasurer. J. P. FULTON, Jr., Secy.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for the United States and Possessions, \$3.50 One Year, \$1.00 One Month.  
For the Foreign, \$5.00 One Year, \$1.50 One Month.  
VOLUME 52.....NO. 18,221.

### NON-SMOKE WREATHS.



HERE there is smoke there must be fire, and the public generally has become accustomed to the occasional outbreaks of practical crusaders like Dr. Charles G. Pease, who clamor for the arrest of all public smokers—except gasoline autos. Those who regard such radical reformers as the hookworm of the tobacco cult will be interested to observe that the worm has turned.

A national league of anti-tobaccoists—including, besides the aforesaid redoubtable Dr. Pease, such well-known educators and divines as Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University, Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell, President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, the Rev. Dr. Jenkin L. Jones of Chicago and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Government pure food expert—has applied to Supreme Court Justice Grierich in New York for a certificate of incorporation. The charter has not been granted as yet, but the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America is already puffing out dense clouds of protest, plans, and general invective. They are going to publish anti-nicotine books and magazines, and calculate that in fifteen years smoking and chewing in public will be outlawed.

Dr. Wiley, in his character of president of the American Therapeutic Society, takes the comparatively liberal attitude that "a man may smoke his lungs to a frazzle and spit his head off, provided he does it at home or out in the woods and meadows, but he must not do it where there are other human beings."

Any old argument comes in handy, and Dr. Wiley rings in alcohol and the hot weather just to make it more interesting.

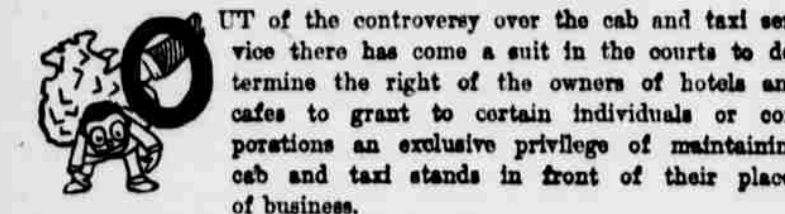
"No person," he says, "should suffer from sunstroke who has not been a smoker or a boozer." To prove it, look how farmers work out in the sun and stand it, whereas "take a man whose system is full of nicotine or alcohol and the moment the sun's rays hit him good he crumbles, and sometimes gives up the ghost."

How about the horses that drop? Is it "boozie" or nicotine? Worst of all, this reformer would bunch tobacco with rum as a promoter of hypocrisy. He notes that even now "college students, a brand of animal not noted for daintiness or regard for the feelings of others, will crawl beneath a grandstand to take a pull from the bottle that cures." And he predicts that in a few years "any man who wants to smoke will have to make a concession to public sentiment by crawling into a hole or retiring to his own home."

This sort of hot air is not going to do any harm to the Tobacco Trust, nor any good to the real appreciators of the incense-laden leaf. Smokers themselves would be overwhelmingly in favor of any movement to suppress occasional abuse of the privileges they now enjoy. The man who smokes in the subway, or in the general waiting-room of a railway station, or between courses at dinner, or on the woman's side of the ferryboat, has no real friends even in his own class.

The whole question practically resolves itself to this: May not a gentleman smoke? Or to put it the other way about, must the smoker be a hog?

### CAB AND TAXI STANDS.



UT of the controversy over the cab and taxi service there has come a suit in the courts to determine the right of the owners of hotels and cafes to grant to certain individuals or corporations an exclusive privilege of maintaining cab and taxi stands in front of their places of business.

The issue is one of more than ordinary popular concern because it is alleged as one of the causes of the high price of cab service in this city that large royalties have to be paid to the proprietors of the hotels and cafes before which the cabs and taxis have their stands. If the allegations be true, the abolition of such royalties would redound to the benefit of the public.

It is curious that a question of this kind should have been so long left without an appeal to the courts. It is because no one contests such claims that abuses of privilege grow up in American communities. Fortunately it is never too late to mend.

### Letters From the People

**Hotter Manhattan Nights.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The garbage is emptied at night (Bang! Bang!)  
The racket is just at its height  
When tired-out people  
Are hoping that sleep'll  
Their long, patient waiting requite.  
The cash cans are noisily clattered  
(Clang! clang!)  
Against the stone curb they are hit  
The racket they keep  
Straight along until sleep  
(Not that it matters) is shattered.  
The rumbling and smashing and noise  
(Crash! crash!)  
The worn-out New Yorker annoys;  
To kick we don't dare,  
So with patience we'll bear  
These latest Manhattan night's joys!  
SLEEPLESS.  
**Does Weather Make Temper?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Hot weather makes hot temper, in the present blazing heat I heard (and took part in) many quarrels that were needless. The heat frayed the temper, and the temper frayed the heat.  
SLEEPLESS.

## The Question of the Day--or Night

By Maurice Ketten.



## The Jarr Family Are Wrestling With a Grand Idea That Seems Likely to Spell "Trouble" for Some One

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

By Roy L. McCardell.

ANGLE'S got a pretty good idea," said Mr. Jarr coming in the other evening, and shedding his coat.

"And what is the great thought of your friend Rangle, the popular bar-room entertainer?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, dog gone!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"Can't I have a speaking acquaintance with a neighbor without your being told in your remarks about him?"

"If it were only a speaking acquaintance, or, better still, a bowing acquaintance, I am sure I would have no criticism to offer," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"But when that man Rangle is a DRINKING acquaintance, surely it is no more than right that I should object!"

"You're nice enough to him when you meet him, just the same," said Mr. Jarr, doggedly.

"I'm thinking, Rangle is a good fellow, a good husband and father, a good friend!"

"And a good for nothing," interrupted Mrs. Jarr.

"But why do you not proceed to elucidate what his giant mind has conceived?"

"Aw, what's the use?" growled Mr. Jarr.

"I was going to tell you, but what good would it do? You wouldn't be interested. Funny thing to me is that I can't have a friend or an acquaintance that is any good in your eyes."

"It's tragic to me, not funny," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, who should I have as a friend and companion? I'll tell you name him," said Mr. Jarr.

"What would be the good of my making a suggestion of that sort?" replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Anybody I would name you would not care for."

"Name somebody; Jenks down stairs, for instance," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"That poor, weak creature, whose wife beats him!" asked Mrs. Jarr in scorn.

"Well, isn't that the ideal modern married man?" questioned Mr. Jarr in turn.

"We won't discuss the matter," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I would know better than to suggest to you any refined person; they would not be congenial to you. You have your cronies, such as they are, and I must accept the situation, I suppose."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jarr approved of Mr. Rangle about as much as any good wife can approve of any

is not considered wisely to voice such approval. Why?

"You were going to tell me of your friend Mr. Rangle's suggestion," Mrs. Jarr went on. "I suppose he wants you to go off on a camping-out trip somewhere; some drinking, card-playing expedition?"

"No, he doesn't," said Mr. Jarr.

"I thought it a good idea as he proposed it, but I don't suppose you'd care to hear it, or, if you did hear it, you wouldn't approve of it."

"If you will kindly tell me what it is, that I may know how your dear, good friend Rangle is going to brighten all our lives, for I assume I am included, I will be better able to give my humble opinion," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, in dubious accents, for his enthusiasm was spent.

"Rangle thought it might be a good idea if our families took a day off together; possibly with some other friends of ours we might go to some pleasant picknicking place, like Glen Island or New Dorp, and have a regular old-fashioned basket outing."

"How grand it will be, with Gus's wife and the Slavinsky family and the Bester brood!" said Mrs. Jarr, scornfully.

"Oh, come now! I mean our own particular friends," said Mr. Jarr.

"You are not very particular as to your friends," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, it's too hot to fight to-day," said Mr. Jarr, smilingly.

"To fight?" echoed Mrs. Jarr.

"Do I ever say a word? One would think to hear you talk that I was a veritable virago! You cannot think, though, as amiable as I always am, that I can afford to make free with the clam of people you call to delight in!"

"Oh, well, call it off; I'm sorry I spoke. I'll know better next time!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Isn't that just like the man?" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Even that person Rangle thinks of a little pleasure for his poor wife and children, and yet you are so selfish that you spoil it by inviting people that I wouldn't be seen with, nor Mrs. Rangle, either!"

"I haven't invited anybody," said Mr. Jarr.

"I just asked you if it wouldn't be nice, and Rangle and I were going to leave it to you and to his wife to make up the party."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"It's the first kindly or sensible suggestion that I ever heard you or that man Rangle make. I think it would be grand! I'll have Clara Mudridge and Jack Silver, and Cora Hackett and her mother, and Mrs. Terwilliger and her husband!"

For further particulars see to-morrow's paper.

## Notes That Crossed In the Mail

By Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

FROM MR. FRED THORN (IN TOWN) TO MRS. THORN (AT THE SHORE).

DARREST GIRL: I feel so blue I hardly know what to write! There, I had my suit case almost packed and my white duck trousers span clean from the laundry, ready to do the "Willie off the yacht" stunt, when all of a sudden a man blows down from Toronto—a crackjack customer he is, too—and wants me to do New York honors for him and his mother, an old dame of sixty-five!

Business is business—the older I grow the more thoroughly I realize that! and if hubby doesn't keep his nose to the grindstone, wife will have to substitute heels for silk and machine made lingerie in place of the dainty, convent embroidered kind.

Not that I'm complaining, darling. There is nothing under the sun too good for my little girl, and it is by making a few unimportant sacrifices myself, I can add one iota to her happiness. I do it gladly!

So, while you are breathing in the cool, salt air Saturday night, think of me trying to make a Toronto yep and a blushing damsel of sixty-five "welcome to our city."

I'll write again in a few days. If you girl! As ever,

FRED.

FROM MRS. FRED THORN TO MR. THORN (SPECIAL DELIVERY).

MY little girl, I had a good cry! I had looked forward so to your coming down at the week end.

My poor, dear boy, why do you have to work so hard? It worries me so—I fear your health will break down one

is, that I may know how your dear, good friend Rangle is going to brighten all our lives, for I assume I am included, I will be better able to give my humble opinion," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, in dubious accents, for his enthusiasm was spent.

"Rangle thought it might be a good idea if our families took a day off together; possibly with some other friends of ours we might go to some pleasant picknicking place, like Glen Island or New Dorp, and have a regular old-fashioned basket outing."

"How grand it will be, with Gus's wife and the Slavinsky family and the Bester brood!" said Mrs. Jarr, scornfully.

"Oh, come now! I mean our own particular friends," said Mr. Jarr.

"You are not very particular as to your friends," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, it's too hot to fight to-day," said Mr. Jarr, smilingly.

"To fight?" echoed Mrs. Jarr.

"Do I ever say a word? One would think to hear you talk that I was a veritable virago! You cannot think, though, as amiable as I always am, that I can afford to make free with the clam of people you call to delight in!"

"Oh, well, call it off; I'm sorry I spoke. I'll know better next time!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Isn't that just like the man?" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Even that person Rangle thinks of a little pleasure for his poor wife and children, and yet you are so selfish that you spoil it by inviting people that I wouldn't be seen with, nor Mrs. Rangle, either!"

"I haven't invited anybody," said Mr. Jarr.

"I just asked you if it wouldn't be nice, and Rangle and I were going to leave it to you and to his wife to make up the party."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"It's the first kindly or sensible suggestion that I ever heard you or that man Rangle make. I think it would be grand! I'll have Clara Mudridge and Jack Silver, and Cora Hackett and her mother, and Mrs. Terwilliger and her husband!"

For further particulars see to-morrow's paper.

FROM MR. FRED THORN TO HIS PAL (BY MESSENGER).

I'm fixed for Saturday night. I pulled some Canadian soft stuff to the miteus and got free.

Don't forget—the same gang, at my house at nine sharp. No rough stuff this time, and a dollar limit!

Jamison sent up a case of something that clinks like glass, and I took a chance and ordered a ton of ice. Altogether, Saturday night listens good to me!

FRED.

FROM MRS. FRED THORN TO HER SUMMER HOME (AGED 88).

RIGHTMEYER, DEAR: Got a note from the meal ticket that bursts open the prison bars. Allah bless the man from Toronto who blew down! May the rest of his life's pathway be strewn with rose-leaves!

These week-ends have gotten to be an awful nuisance. Why does a week have to end, anyway?

But THIS Saturday night, instead of being black, impenetrable gloom, will be radiant. While your little code whistle at nine and I'll be with you at the host in a minute. And you and I will go gliding over the path of olive moon spray on the black waters. Three cheers for Toronto and peace.

THE man whom one dainty damsel and small wise letter addressed called "that dummy driver with the grouchache" came home from the office, tossed himself into a Morris chair and sighed like an exhausted man.

His wife fled to her own harbor behind the gas stove. For when the signs of internal dissension break out it is so long to the street and troubled business man to his own reflections.

The afflicting reflections are generally numerous when you have just overheard a lot of typists with a thousand grievances paint your soul a deep black with muddy trimmings.

"Hain't he the sly eye for catching you watch the clock?" said one.

"What black looks he can throw you over when your neck and arms are cramped with hurry," said another, according to the Chicago Tribune.

"A man like that can have no ideal but that which is founded on dollars," said the third, whom the manager had always thought a wise and practical girl who understood the responsibilities of his position.

Under his troubled exterior as he leaned back in the chair he felt and fought these things.

It was nothing to argue on with others, but it was something for little private confessions to himself after coming home from work.

"I am paid to be a good business manager," he mused, "not a good cushion heater for the pretty ones who expect to be paid for their cheerful presence."

"I must drive that I may not be driven out of a job. I am driven by the higher-up in ways they never consider."

"I am not a driver at heart. When I see the boss up to his eyes in a woman at the end of a line I sometimes get a few thoughts that don't fit into business. But what's the use? If I don't toe

the mark others will.

"I'm in favor of shorter hours and heavier work and longer libelous and bigger wages. But there are other opinions. My boss and his boss have their own."

"I don't drive because there is any personal gratification in it. All my driving comes from being driven."

"Things are not what they seem, neither are men what they look like. A soulless driver in the office may have his soulful spells overnight."

"Those who know how to drive themselves and know the rewards of self-driving seldom complain of the driver."

And, thinking it all over, the business driver was at peace. He must work and support his family. He could not afford to be a sentimental philosopher and fast in the wilderness or live on honey and acorns. So he smiled pleasantly out to his wife.

"How was business to-day?" she asked sweetly.

"All right and more coming," said the just driver.

Tickets for Everything.

My neighbor now would sell me a ticket.

For a lunch, perchance, Or a moonlight dance, Or tennis or cricket.

Each man you meet would sell you a ticket.

You've a protest made, But you can't evade The villainous ticket.

By day, by night, they pound on my wicket.

I have no excuse, So I just grin and say, "Well, I shall have to ask you to come to the door with me and get the key for these things. A man on the platform has it."

Just then the guest's whistle sounded, and the train started off, and it made no stop for the fifty miles. Before that, however, the guest, with the aid of a fly, succeeded in repelling the passenger.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON

Being the Confessions of the Seven Handredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

SWEET, my daughter, are the uses of pervercity!

For this is the season of REST, when all the world overworketh itself in the pursuit thereof.

Lo, the married man sendeth his WIFE upon a vacation; but the bachelor betaketh HIMSELF unto the green fields and the running waters—for they have DIFFERENT ideas of a rest-cure.

The former sitteth in his office surrounded by cooling fans and iced drinks, and the latter sitteth upon the hotel piazza surrounded by femininity and mosquitoes and adulation.

For, behold, the summer girl is upon his trail, and she showeth him no mercy! She leadeth him to the lake and maketh him to ply the gentle oar; she draggeth him unto the golf links and sendeth him chasing balls. She lurcheth him to the tennis court.

In the morning she appeareth upon the beach, a half-clad mermaid, and urgeth him to teach her to swim.

When the bath is over he fanneth her HAIR to make it dry. He buldeth her pillows of sand.

He fetcheth her gloves and toteth her parasol. He amuseth her poodle and bringeth her cooling ices.

In the evening she getteth him into the ballroom and maketh him to DANCE—and he fanneth her some more.

Verily, verily, she keepeth him going! And when he hath finished his labors, she readeth POETRY unto him, which is the REFINEMENT of cruelty.

She keepeth his heart upon the jump and his pocketbook worketh overtime. But, I say unto ye, WHY shall any man condemn himself unto a life-sentence at hard labor?

Verily, verily, a foolish damsel giveth all her days to ENTERTAINING a man, but a wise damsel giveth him a REST. Selah!

THE last recorded sacrifice was in 1879, when the French cavalier, La Salle, attempted to restrain the people by an ex-

position of Christianity. He received this unexpected answer:

"Your words witness against you. You founder of your creed, you say, set us an example of sacrifice. We will follow it. Why should ONE death be great while our sacrifice is horrible?"

So they chose LaSalle's daughter, the Chief Eagle's daughter, and sent her to the bank to watch the sailing of the white canoe. Among the onlookers stood her lover, attempting to maintain the stern bearing of the Indian when watched.

But when he saw the little boat swing out into the current carrying all he loved toward the roaring cataract, he sprang from his canoe in an attempt to overtake and save LaSalle's daughter.

He was too late. In a second both were beyond the power of rescue, and were dashed over the rocks into the roaring depths of the angry, swirling waters.

After their deaths they were changed into pure spirits of strength and goodness.

She is the Maid of the Mist, the Ruler of the Cataract, and they live in a crystal heaven so far below the falls that its roaring is as the sound of music to their ears.

THE last recorded sacrifice was in 1879, when the French cavalier, La Salle, attempted to restrain the people by an ex-

position of Christianity. He received this unexpected answer:

"Your words witness against you. You founder of your creed, you say, set us an example of sacrifice. We will follow it. Why should ONE death be great while our sacrifice is horrible?"

So they chose LaSalle's daughter, the Chief Eagle's daughter, and sent her to the bank to watch the sailing of the white canoe. Among the onlookers stood her lover, attempting to maintain the stern bearing of the Indian when watched.

But when he saw the little boat swing out into the current carrying all he loved toward the roaring cataract, he sprang from his canoe in an attempt to overtake and save LaSalle's daughter.

He was too late. In a second both were beyond the power of rescue, and were dashed over the rocks into the roaring depths of the angry, swirling waters.

After their deaths they were changed into pure spirits of strength and goodness.

She is the Maid of the Mist, the Ruler of the Cataract, and they live in a crystal heaven so far below the falls that its roaring is as the sound of music to their ears.

THE last recorded sacrifice was in 1879, when the French cavalier, La Salle, attempted to restrain the people by an ex-

position of Christianity. He received this unexpected answer:

"Your words witness against you. You founder of your creed, you say, set us an example of sacrifice. We will follow it. Why should ONE death be great while our sacrifice is horrible?"

So they chose LaSalle's daughter, the Chief Eagle's daughter, and sent her to the bank to watch the sailing of the white canoe. Among the onlookers stood her lover, attempting to maintain the stern bearing of the Indian when watched.

But when he saw the little boat swing out into the current carrying all he loved toward the roaring cataract, he sprang from his canoe in an attempt to overtake and save LaSalle's daughter.

He was too late. In a second both were beyond the power of rescue, and were dashed over the rocks into the roaring depths of the angry, swirling waters.

After their deaths they were changed into pure spirits of strength and goodness.

She is the Maid of the Mist, the Ruler of the Cataract, and they live in a crystal heaven so far below the falls that its roaring is as the sound of music to their ears.

THE last recorded sacrifice was in 1879, when the French cavalier, La Salle, attempted to restrain the people by an ex-

position of Christianity. He received this unexpected answer:

"Your words witness against you. You founder of your creed, you say, set us an example of sacrifice. We will follow it. Why should ONE death be great while our sacrifice is horrible?"

So they chose LaSalle's daughter, the Chief Eagle's daughter, and sent her to the bank to watch the sailing of the white canoe. Among the onlookers stood her lover, attempting to maintain the stern bearing of the Indian when watched.

But when he saw the little boat swing out into the current carrying all he loved toward the roaring cataract, he sprang from his canoe in an attempt to overtake and save LaSalle's daughter.

He was too late. In a second both were beyond the power of rescue, and were dashed over the rocks into the roaring depths of the angry, swirling waters.

After their deaths they were changed into pure spirits of strength and goodness.

She is the Maid of the Mist, the Ruler of the Cataract, and they live in a crystal heaven so far below the falls that its roaring is as the sound